drift purity, of delicate and elusive perfume, suggest a bouquet for a lady of high degree. The tremendous oleander, suggesting the boudoir of a courtesan *de haut etage*, with its rose du Barri tints, its overpowering essence. Then, too, the cancer flowers with pale green shading into yellow, with faint bitter smell, as of a woman's jealousy which tries to hide, the five-pointed vellum stars of the dudh flower, brightening the barren wastes ot the jungle as the milk of human kindness sweetens the cares of life. The blue-veined slippers of the lelum, dainty as the foot-gear of a fairy princess, the long white trumpets of the datura with its foul foliage, malo-dorous as a woman who has made the great mistake.

All these and many more flourish in the garden which Haji Begum planted in memory of her love, and one wonders if she and Humayun did not learn from Baber the lore of flowers he knew so well For Baber, the father of the Humayun, was a many-

sided man.
The two great scourges of Asia had been
Chingiz and Timur. Baber united their fiery
blood to Persian culture and was a noted lover
of flowers. In one place he relates in his
 journals